We Need a New Philosophy.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made,
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

A gradual exodus from the farm to the city—especially by the young men as quickly as they reach twenty-one—has been going on in North Carolina for many years, and has alarmed the thoughtful, while Legislatures have coped with the problem in vain. Stokes has suffered in this respect a great deal less than many of her sister counties, and yet the drafts made on her population have been most serious, keenly affecting every business and profession.

The causes which produce this unhealthy condition in our rural districts are many. The remedy is deep but plain.

Many speculative people think that the sole reasons for the abandonment of the farms are that labor is high and scarce, while the Tobacco Trust is tightening its chains about the throats of the farmers, rendering agriculture disagreeable and unprofitable. These are plain causes, but when we reflect that—high or low prices for products—the exodus does not abate, we are led to the conclusion that the causes are far deeper—that there are psychological and social features to deal with before we can rationally treat the disease.

Many farmers abandon their plantations because of low prices for products, worn out lands, uncongenial surroundings, lawless neighborhoods, lack of religious and educational advantages, poor mail facilities, bad roads, and various other reasons. They rent out their plantations to shiftless tenants and hie away to better quarters.

But why do the young men, as a rule, as soon as they reach years of discretion, leave home? We believe the most potent cause is our wretched system of living. There is in the breast of every young man whose better nature has not early been dwarfed by disease or vice, some degree of moral sensibility, awakened by youthful and buoyant spirits, that cannot be satisfied by his unpleasant and uncongenial environment. It is a fact—greatly to be deplored, but nevertheless true—that in many homes there is an atmosphere congenial to anything but happiness. Existence is a hundrum affair of eating, sleeping and toil. The master's great ambition is to raise more tobacco and buy more land. The home is not attractive to the boy. If he were cultured to enjoy them, there are no books to add a charm to his life; music, with its softening influence, is unheard in the chambers of the house; art, one of the purest and highest elements in human happiness, he has never heard of; the social ties of the community are rude, and he finds but a small degree of pleasure in cultivating them. By occasional visits to the city, he learns that there is something in the world he had not before known. He is lured by the blaze of the arc-light, the crash of the orchestra, the glamor of the footlights, and like a shot from a catapult he is gone. Can we blame his action? It is only the intuitive reaching out for the higher life—only the spontaneous effort at development of the finer qualities of his soul. It is as natural as water seeking its level, or smoke rising upward.

This is the potent cause that deprives rural communities of their bone and sinew, and when we realize it we will have made one step towards the solution of one of the most serious problems to be solved in the future by students of our social and industrial status.

Let some one come among us and show us wherein we err—point us to our mistake and our hope. We have been on the wrong trail. We must begin anew on different lines. Our citizenship needs drastic doses of medicine.

In the telephone, the R. F. D., the era of good roads, let us hope there is improvement. We know that in education more than anything is our salvation. We need broader, deeper, higher education, that shall lift us up above our tobacco hills and give us a nobler view of life, that we shall not look at it longer from the viewpoint only of labor and toil, of hoarded dollars, taking no recreation, tasting none of the sweeter, purer viands of life.

A different philosophy will do much toward keeping the young man at home with his energy, muscle and brains, and the country districts, now so eagerly abandoned, will blossom like a rose-garden.—Danbury Reporter.

The Increase in Production and Consumption of Cotton.

It is interesting to study the progress of the cotton crop by census years. The first record was in 1800, when the production was 155,556 bales. This had increased to 340,000 bales in 1810, to 606,061 in 1820 and 976,845 in 1830. Then the production took a big jump to 2,177,835 in 1840. It increased but very little during the next ten years, the figures for 1850 being 2,333,718. The crop had attained the proportions of 4,861,292 bales in 1860, just previous to the outbreak of the war. There was a great falling off in the production during the years following the war, and in 1870, the crop was only 3,114,592 bales. Since then there has been a steady increase, the crop for 1880 being 5,761,252; in 1890, it was 7,311,322; in 1900, 9,436,416. Last year's crop was 10,727,559 bales.

In 1850 the cotton mills consumed only 595,000 bales. The mill takings in 1860 were 979,000 and in 1870, again showing the effects of the war, they had dropped to 875,000. But here again the increase began, and in 1880 the takings were 1,795,000; in 1890, 2,325,000 and in 1900, 3,644,000. The mill takings last year were 3,924.00.—Charlotte Chronicle.